BALLET TODAY

1/- OCTOBER 1951 1/-

PETER REVITT'S

BALLET GUYED

with a foreword by MARY CLARKE

is a book of brilliant caricatures of the leading dancers of the day. Peter Revitt's work needs no introduction to readers of "BALLET TODAY" and his genius for the witty comment in line is here crystallised in 36 dazzling sketches including Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, Beryl Grey, Michael Somes, Violetta Elvin, Alexander Grant.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

ANYBODY who has had anything to do with small children will immediately agree with me when I say that to adopt a baby involves far less immediate responsibility than to take charge of it for a period while its parents are absent abroad. I and my fellow associate Editors are in the latter position, and, like the temporary foster-parent, live in daily anticipation of a letter, cable or even trans-Atlantic telephone call of enquiry upon the state of our charge's teeth and whether we are remembering to wash behind the ears morning and evening. However, at least our infant is a sturdy child of five, well past the trying stage of teething, nappies and four-hourly feeds and standing squarely upon its own feet, and we can only—to pursue the simile still further—continue hopefully to feed it, keep it clean and try to avoid spoiling it against the happy day next June when its proud parent returns to take charge of it once again.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

Obituary notices upon a creative artist are nearly always redundant: Constant Lambert's work as musician, writer and—most important—artistic director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet is his permanent and enduring memorial. It is for this reason that the Editors decided to reprint on page 5 material from his pen published in the "Sunday Referee" at the time of the great "symphonic" controversy in the early 'thirties. Those who remember his *Romeo and Juliet, Adam and Eve, Rio Grande, Pomona* and *Horoscope* can judge his achievement as ballet composer more fairly than those of the present generation who can base their assessment only upon *Tiresias*. It is tragic that his final contribution to English ballet should have been unsuccessful: but one can hardly agree with Osbert Sitwell, who, in the "New Statesman and Nation", lays the blame for Lambert's death upon the shoulders of those who wrote unfavourably of *Tiresias*. Lambert was always a great one for an argument, and it seems unlikely that anyone possessing the tenacity to cling to an idea for twenty years—for we are told that the scenario of *Tiresias* was originally suggested to the Camargo Society—would be fatally affected by adverse newspaper critiques. Sir Osbert, in understandable sympathy for an old friend, overstated his case: if critics are to consider the state of health of those they criticise when writing their notices, then good-bye to the freedom, such as it is, of the Press. When considering a work, the honest critic must take account of nothing but that work: and even though Lambert had created the entire Sadler's Wells Ballet as Jove gave birth to Pallas Athene, no critic should allow that irrelevant fact to influence his judgment on a ballet presented to the public and entitled to criticism unbiased either for or against.

GALINA ULANOVA

On page 8, by courtesy of the Moscow newspaper "Trud", we reprint an article by Galina Ulanova written after her appearance at the Florence Festival. This is one of the first fruits of the contact between Soviet and European ballet and one can only hope that further contact may be made: Ulanova has been invited to appear at Covent Gar-

P. W. MANCHESTER GREETED ON ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK BY ANATOLE CHUJOY OF DANCE NEWS
Photograph by Walter E. Owen

den and it now rests with the Soviet to decide whether London shall see this artist, whose name has become a legend. Particularly interesting are Ulanova's comments on the current use of the very young dancer: they echo a similar unease felt in ballet circles in London. Where are the child-stars of yesteryear? Today the most talented of our young dancers have achieved the entire repertoire while scarcely out of their 'teens and are left with little to work for, unless they chance to take the fancy of a choreographer with new ideas.

J. S.

International Dance Festival

By FRANK JACKSON

IF obscure political influences have indirectly resulted in the visit to this country of folk dance teams from Yugoslavia and Spain, I can only hope such influences are extended to bring us similar pleasures from other countries. Would that all politics had such happy results!

These teams, together with groups from Scotland and Northern Ireland, made up an enjoyable programme in an International Dance Festival, organised by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, at the Royal Festival Hall (September 3-15).

The Yugoslav team were the outstanding success of the show. They alone of all the teams are credited with a choreographer (Olga Skovran) to whose credit it may be that the dances were more effective from the theatrical point of view than most of the others.

The Yugoslav costumes were colourful, the music attractive, and the dances themselves most remarkable. They varied from rhythmic shuffles (of great complexity) to stamping reminiscent of Spain, to what we label 'Cossack' dances, and even to Kathakali! There was a fight dance between two men, with drum accompaniment which, with little variation, could have come straight out of a South Indian dance drama. It would seem as though Yugoslavia's history and geographical situation make it a meeting place for widely differing dance cultures. Here is a fruitful field of study for a dance historian.

There were two Spanish teams, one from Salamanca and one from Cordoba. The Salamanca dancers made no use of stamping; their dances were remarkable for the complexity of their patterns and for rhythmic subtlety. The Cordoba dancers featured the now familiar Sevillanas, Malaguenas and Peteneras danced with such verve and team precision that the dances, though comparatively simple, seemed more enjoyable than recent attempts to fit folk steps into balletic form, or to make of them occasions for display of virtuosity.

The costumes and dances of the Scottish and Northern Ireland groups were subdued by comparison, and it was only natural that more attention should be given to the new and exotic. Yet here, too, was outstanding team work and a remarkable precision and lightness of foot, particularly among the men.

Very noticeable was the large dance vocabulary the folk dances of widely-separated European countries have in common. Perhaps, to hazard a guess at the reason for this, all folk dancing springs from a common origin which is perpetuated in spite of all other changes. It is noticeable, too, that, generally speaking, in folk dancing it is the men who 'show off' while the women, for the most part, have simpler, more modest steps to perform. This is a welcome change after the feminine emphasis in ballet. Nor is folk dancing for young and pretty people only; the best male dancer in the Cordoba group was a portly gentleman of apparent middle-age. Bald heads and 'tummies' are here no handicap!

The organisers of the Festival still do not seem to have found a working compromise which will retain the amateur, untheatrical quality of folk dancing while fulfilling the demands of stage entertainment (the first night programme over-ran nearly an hour). The very fact that European folk dancing has so much common ground makes it seem repetitive; yet how to obviate this disadvantage while at the same time not destroying the unique quality of folk dancing is a problem I gladly leave to those concerned; for I have no suggestions of my own to make!

The Royal Festival Hall only accentuated the problem, with its sharp division between stage and audience. The Albert Hall, where these Festivals are usually held, is a more suitable shape because there the audience surrounds the dancers, thus approximating to the conditions of folk dance in its natural form. As it was, many of the dances were performed in circles, not facing the audience, with a resulting loss in communication between audience and performers.

The Paul Wilson photograph on the cover is of Maryon Lane of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

CONSTANT LAMBERT: 1905-1951

[Editor's note: the following extracts from weekly articles, mainly of musical criticism, written by Constant Lambert in 1934, and re-printed by kind permission of the "Sunday Chronicle and Referee", have been selected in view of their topicality in connection with contemporary ballet eighteen years later, and with the aim of giving the reader unfamiliar with Lambert's pungent style an insight into his artistic reactions to the ballets of the thirties.]

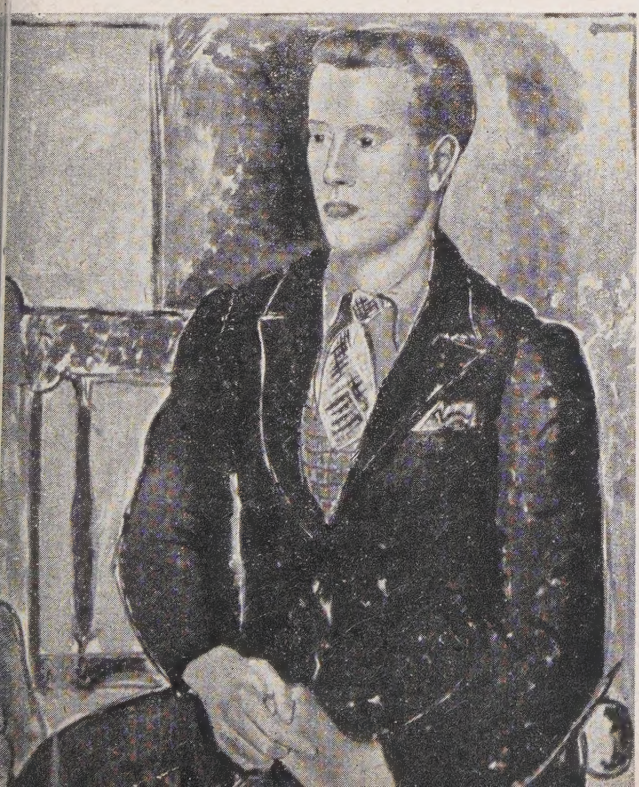
Dancing Seconds

By CONSTANT LAMBERT

MOST of us, even if we are not musical scholars, have heard of the popular device known as "singing seconds" (it is described with great facility in "Mr. Polly"). Although its name suggests a post-war ruthlessness of harmonic effect it actually consists of a series of mellifluous thirds which follow the rise and fall of the melody with docile precision; and in spite of the small amount of musicianship involved in its execution the man who "sings seconds" is usually filled with a self-righteous glow at the dexterity and harmoniousness of his efforts.

THIS PORTRAIT BY CHRISTOPHER WOOD OF CONSTANT LAMBERT IN 1925 IS REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE REDFERN GALLERY

Photograph by Helga Sharland



We have seen a great deal recently of a type of choreography which may be described as "dancing seconds", ballets in which every detail of construction and variation in the music is meekly followed by movements on the stage. It is the type of thing which originated with Jacques-Dalcroze, and I for one had hoped that this particularly Swiss and hygienic form of choregraphy was as dead as frozen mutton.

I little thought that it would rear its head in the Russian Ballet, of all places, and that our most eminent critics would congratulate the choregrapher on the splendid musical insight shown by his laborious translation into an unsuitable medium of essentially musical devices.

I should have thought myself that the man who imagines that the recapitulation of a symphonic subject can be represented by the reappearance of a particular dancer, or that a separate leap on each note is an adequate translation of a theme which came into the composer's head as a unit, shows an appalling lack of musical sensibility and insight whatever his technical gifts as a choregrapher.

The notation of music by gesture, so to speak, can be amusing enough on a small scale and when dealing with music that is of no great importance, but it is a hopelessly inadequate method of dealing with a work of symphonic calibre.

The more the choregrapher fusses about with the letter the more the spirit escapes him, and for the very simple reason that he is working at cross purposes with his medium.

A three-part fugue, for example, is a simple and natural musical device, but the choregrapher who interprets this on the stage in the Dalcroze manner is giving us a complicated and unnatural choregraphic device, one, moreover, which adds nothing to the music and merely tells us what any save the tone-deaf have realised already. What we require from the choregrapher on such an occasion is a fourth line, a visual counter-subject which will interpret in pure dance form the effect of the fugue as a whole without turning the dancers into the chalk marks of the blackboard analyst.

To do this, however, requires an instinctive musical sensibility which is unfortunately granted to very few choregraphers, of whom Georges Balanchine may be quoted as the most outstanding.

Although M. Balanchine has a far greater technical knowledge of music than the average choregrapher, and has proved in *Barabau* and elsewhere how closely he can follow the music when he wants to, he always refrains from flinging this knowledge in our face.

Cotillon, the ballet devised by Boris Kochno to a well-chosen selection of Chabrier's music, with scenery by Christian Bérard and choregraphy by Balanchine, is a perfect example of the really intelligent interpretation of music by choregraphy which enjoys its own life on equal terms.

Without either underlining the music or distracting our attention from it, the dancing, always inventive, witty, and poetical, is like one of those luxuriant counter-subjects which Chabrier wove round his own gay tunes.

Balanchine's work may not appeal to those who approach dancing from the point of view of a musical appreciation class. Nor may it appeal to those who approach it from the equally false standpoint of animated sculpture. He does not move quickly from one well-designed but static group to another—it is only at the end of a dance that the flexible, constantly-changing movement (so much more satisfactory than a series of telescoped *tableaux vivants*) comes to its original point of rest.

Bérard's scenery and costumes have the same easy grace. There is evidently now a fashion for dressing each ballerina in a different shade like a dye advertisement: we have seen it in *Nocturne* [Lichine: Ed.], *Jeux d'Enfants* and *Cotillon.* It is a risky tight-rope which only Bérard has trodden with ease. Whereas in Miro's *Jeux d'Enfants* each new band-box costume detracts from the initial simplicity of the decor, in *Cotillon* each succeeding colour strengthens and enriches the admirable design of the whole (and the same may be said of the screens which occur in both ballets).

Cotillon is a light work with, thank Heavens, no pretensions of profundity; but, taken all round, it is the most successful ballet of recent years, recalling Diaghileff without imitating him.

I wish I could say as much for *Choreartium,* a deplorable example of Massine's latest Roxy-cum-Dalcroze manner, based on Brahms' Fourth Symphony.

Less immediately shocking than *Les Présages, Choreartium* is even more distressing in retrospect.

Les Présages, a brutal murder executed with a chopper, has the faintly forgivable air of a *crime passionel. Choreartium* is more like one of these premeditated family murders in which ground glass and arsenic do their lethal work over a course of weeks.

Every note of Brahms' score is laboriously reflected on the stage, yet the final result is less Brahmsian and less symphonic than can be imagined. Whatever else this grimly intellectual, intensely Nordic and introspective music suggests, it does not suggest monastery gardens, *fêtes galantes* and pseudo-Mediterranean athletics. Moreover, it is above all things a symphony.

Granted the initial error in taste of putting it on the stage at all, it should have been treated as an abstract symphony and not as a picturesque symphonic suite.

That there are good things in the choregraphy goes without saying, for Massine, in spite of his extraordinary lapses, still remains the most technically efficient choreographer in Europe in much the way that Richard Strauss, for all his failings, still remains the most technically efficient composer. But in these two would-be symphonic works he has put back the whole art of the ballet by many years, and in the present absence of any really formidable rival has dealt the truly progressive elements in ballet a blow from which they may take some time to recover. Fortunately, fashions in ballet are even more malleable than in the other arts.

No-one ten years ago looking at Massine's fascinating choregraphy to Satie's *Mercure* could have foreseen the *dégringolade* of *Choreartium*: and his recovery may be equally startling.

[*On the following Sunday, the* Referee *printed the following comment from Leonide Massine.*—Ed.]

I was amused and also, I must confess, a little irritated, by Constant Lambert's article on my work. He may not be aware of the fact that the whole question of the use of Dalcroze methods in ballet came up for discussion very many years ago between Diaghileff, Bakst, Stravinsky and myself and that, as a result, I was the person to turn my back on them definitely in my version of *Le Sacre du Printemps,* which was, in that respect, the exact opposite of Nijinsky's.

It may sound funny to connect the words Dalcroze and Roxy. It betrays an alarming ignorance. To have treated *Les Présages* or *Choreartium* contrapuntally would have added much visual complication, and Mr. Lambert must remember that the choregrapher has to think of plastic effects as well.

He regrets my *Mercure* and the ballets of that period, but he should know that it is fatal to stand still, as apparently he has done, and most unmusical to work to a fixed formula.

[*Lambert commented on the above as follows.*]

. . . The choregrapher's art is partly creative, partly interpretive, and for that reason cannot be defended from a purely plastic standpoint alone. It would be possible for a choreographer to arrange Beethoven's 5th Symphony with four men doing separate stamps to the first phrase and four women doing the same to the second. However beautiful their ultimate pose might be as a human frieze, I venture to say that the effect as a whole would be deplorable. The opening of the finale of *Choreartium* is, in a sculpturesque way, very striking. But, like many of the effects in *l'Après-midi*, it is an essentially static device imposed on the music from outside. A male leap may seem the best interpretation of a percussive note or chord on the orchestra, but the choregrapher must distinguish chords that are purely percussive whacks and those that are part of a train of thought. The three leaps at the beginning of the trio in *Les Biches* were perfectly satisfactory because, musically speaking, the three chords were merely a "till-ready". The similar leaps in *Choreartium* are inadequate and distracting because they are intended to be an interpretation of Brahms' germinal theme.

. . . Why should it necessarily be assumed that the critic who prefers an early phase of an artist's work has failed to move with the times? . . . I chose *Mercure* as being a particular example of a certain post-war phase, which for all its faults was at least stimulating. I could equally well have chosen a ballet of the same period by Nijinska or Balanchine, but that would have given an unfortunate and erroneous impression of personal prejudice. I am not for a moment asking Massine to go back to his *Mercure* period, though I should naturally be delighted to see that particular work again. I am only asking that Massine's new ballets should display a similar subtlety, exhilaration of invention and outlook.

It is, I quite agree, most unmusical to work to a fixed formula, and it is the presence of a formula in *Présages* and *Choreartium* which makes me so deplore these two ballets . . . It is in the hope that M. Massine (who whatever his lapses never stands still) has already overthrown the formulas of his symphonic ballets that I await with great impatience his promised novelties, *Jardin Public* and *Rebus*.

New Ballets

Leonide Massine is to produce a new ballet for Sadler's Wells at Covent Garden, entitled *Donald of the Burtons*, with music by Ian Whyte and decor by MacBride and Colquhoun. The ballet is founded on a medieval Scotch ballad, and the leading dancers will be Alexander Grant, Beryl Grey and Julia Farron, supported by Henry Legerton, Ray Powell and Franklin White.

Massine, we understand, will leave for Chicago immediately after mounting *Donald* to appear with Sergei Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo as the Hussar in *Le Beau Danube*, the Peruvian in *Gaieté Parisienne* and also in his *Capriccio Espagnol*. After the Chicago season he is due to produce *Le Tricorne, Capriccio Espagnol, Parade, Jack-in-the-Box* and *Mercure* for the Opèra Comique, Paris.

Frederick Ashton has been invited to follow up his New York success with *Les Illuminations* by another ballet for the New York City Company. This will probably be entitled *Tintagel* and there is a chance that he may produce another ballet for this company as well.

PETER REVITT'S BALLET GUYED: ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY

OUR TOUR OF ITALY

By GALINA ULANOVA

I HAVE no intention of expounding here on the beauties of Italy as we beheld them in the summer of 1951. The languages of all the world abound in such able descriptions of the famous descent from the Alps into Lombardy, of the ravishing Italian landscape, of the fathomless blue sky above Rome, and the exquisite stonework ornamenting Florentine palaces, that there is little left for me to add.

And so, putting aside the wonders of the Italian scene, I shall confine myself to a description of the international "Musical May" festival, the participation of Soviet performers in it, and our meetings with representatives of the Italian world of art.

The large group of Soviet performers who went to Florence included singers Maxim Mikhailov, Zara Dolukhanova, and Nadezhda Kazantseva; 'cellist Mstislav Rostropovich; pianist Emil Gilels; violinists David Oistrakh and Galina Barinova; and dancers Yuri Kondratov and myself. A large number of the most varied works was presented at the festival. Schumann's *Genoveva* was performed, as was Weber's *Oberon* and Haydn's *Orpheus and Eurydice,* written in 1791 and not performed for a whole century. The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Verdi was marked by the staging of his operas *Macbeth* and *Vespri Siciliani.* The festival also included dance programmes, as well as recitals by individual performers. The ballet was represented by a French company under the direction of Toumanova, the Spanish character-dancer Mariemma, and the Soviet dancers Yuri Kondratov and myself. Unfortunately the Italian ballet was not shown. This was particularly disappointing to me, for Italy has always been famous for the dance.

We saw several performances by the French company, considered one of the best in France. The dancers, Jean Babilée, Yvette Chauviré, Jacqueline Moreau, Nathalie Phillipart, showed unquestionable talent and displayed a thorough mastery of the French school of the classic dance, with all its virtues and shortcomings. They presented Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* as well as two scenes by Casella on themes from Busoni and Scarlatti. The performances were brief, lasting no more than 20 minutes. They left no deep impression, and this was due, it seems to me, mainly to the fact that they carried no particular message. The dancers made not the slightest attempt to express thought or feeling or the searchings of the human soul. And we Soviet artists are convinced that however exquisite a vessel, if it contains no wine it remains only an empty ornament. That was the feeling I took away with me from the performances of the French dancers.

Perhaps the reader may wonder why I have begun my account of our Italian tour with these impressions. It is because our journey to Florence and our performances in Italy once more confronted me with the questions: What is the purpose of art, and has it a right to exist if it does not seek to improve human life and help individuals and nations in their lives and in their search for perfection? It was with these questions uppermost in my mind that I attended and took part in the festival performances.

In one of them, *Don Juan,* the stage seemed peopled with animated china dolls dancing minuets and sarabandes. It was an interesting performance —interesting staging, dancing and costumes. But it could have been much more vivid if less attention were devoted to spectacular effects and more to bringing out the basic idea.

The French dancers appeared in a ballet *divertissement* from the third act of Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani.* Erich Kleiber conducted and a *corps-de-ballet* from the Florentine Opera House participated. But the dance music was not Verdi's. It was inserted into his work with no justification, for no good reason. Naturally such an artificial device could not but detract from the artistic value of the performance.

True art is made vital and moving not by the adding of modernistic effects, but by the great ideas it expresses, and by the fact that it adds its voice to the struggle for enlightenment and human happiness. This was true at the time of Dante and Michelangelo. It is just as true today, as the festival in Florence proved.

The performances of Soviet artists began on the 11th of June with a recital by pianist Emil Gilels, held in the Teatro Comunale, which seats several thousand. The Italian press published enthusiastic reviews of this recital, in which Gilels performed works by Beethoven, Mozart, Rachmaninov, Balakirev and Prokofiev. It is true that few pianists can compare with Gilels in virtuosity. But it was not only his brilliant technique that so captivated the public. As one of the papers justly commented, "Gilels' virtuosity is combined with an exceptional gift for comprehending and expressing all that the composer wished to say".

On the evening of the 14th of June I gave my first performance, in the Teatro Comunale. The house was filled beyond capacity. Among the audience were many Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans. Our programme included classical dances varying widely both in form and content, and it was gratifying to discover that the public understood and appreciated our art, and was deeply moved by it.

This was also the case in Milan where we performed in the La Scala Theatre, and in Venice where Kondratov and I made our last appearance. Similar receptions were given to Rostropovich in Parma, to our singers in Ferrara and Modena, to Gilels in Bologna and Rome, and to David Oistrakh in various other cities.

All in all Soviet performers gave 22 concerts attended by some 50,000 people. That is a very large number for Italy, especially considering the high price of tickets and the fact that it was the summer season. We received dozens of invitations from other towns.

I spent my leisure hours strolling along the beautiful streets of Florence, visiting its famous museums and the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries.

One day I got into conversation with two young soloists of the French company, Verdy and Paulaine. The girls told me that it was extremely difficult to find work in the ballet, and even more difficult to perfect one's art. They asked to be allowed to attend my rehearsals. I agreed, for I was interested to see their ability. They were overjoyed that I should consent to share my knowledge and skill with them; that was something unheard-of in France. Paulaine, who is only 19, told me that in France dancing lessons are very expensive and the ballet has been commercialised. The fate of the individual dancer is no-one's concern, and it was only a lucky chance that had enabled her to join a company that offered a contract for two or three months.

"And I am not at all certain that I shall be able to extend it", she said sadly.

During my stay in Milan the director of the La Scala Theatre introduced me to a group of ballet dancers. Among them were 16 to 18-year-old girls, many of whom had already had several years of stage experience. This surprised me greatly. It appears that the Milan school assigns difficult and responsible roles to boys and girls of 14. Still physically immature, they begin a life of work beyond their strength, quickly become worn out and grow old, and at the age of 28 or 30 are forced to leave the stage.

I learned still other facts about the world of art in Italy. Thousands of talented young girls and boys in that musical country are deprived of the opportunity to study music because of lack of funds. Another fact: the entrance fee to Florentine museums is so high that the average citizen is unable to visit them.

GALINA ULANOVA AS CINDERELLA IN THE PROKOFIEV BALLET

The director of the La Scala Theatre in Milan invited me to return on tour next year. I was asked to dance the role of Giselle, to help stage Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet,* and to give lessons to the ballet troupe of the theatre. Incidentally, the role of Giselle was performed this year by the English ballerina Margot Fonteyn. Fonteyn is a pupil of Volkova, who at one time was a pupil of my mother, ballerina Romanova, and perhaps that is why people told me that she and I had something in common.

Participation in the festival and our concerts in Italy showed the importance of cultural contact among all peoples; of exchange of experiences in the realm of art and culture. This is important not only for the development of art as such; it is even more important in order that art may help men and women of various countries and nationalities, professions and convictions, to find a common point of view on problems stirring all peoples in equal measure.

[*Reprinted by kind permission of* Trud, *Moscow.*]

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

By JANET SINCLAIR

BALLETOMANES who hurry to see this new M.G.M. musical film in order to see what Hollywood has done to Leslie Caron will, for once, have no cause for complaint: the film does her full justice and has not succeeded either in altering her out of recognition facially, or superimposing conventionality upon her personality. Caron's hair is cut short, she is expensively costumed and yet she does not look like a carbon copy of the twentieth century beauty, Hollywood version. What glamour there is is inherent in the face, more Oriental than French, in the beautiful carriage, the neat elegant feet: Caron has found her *métier* more completely in this medium than she did as the Sphinx in *La Rencontre*, and if she reminds us of anybody it is not of Lamarr or Hayworth but of the young Sono Osato of de Basil's Ballets Russes. It would be impossible to say from this one film, with its light, conventional theme, that Caron has a great future as an actress, but what she does has simplicity, warmth and appeal.

In this entirely delightful film, the ballet enthusiast who can admire other forms of dance will revel in the performance of Gene Kelly. If Astaire is the Youskevitch of this type of dancing, Kelly is the Eglevsky: indeed the American and the Russian have in common exactly the same type of brash, boyish charm and the naive, lovable lack of self-consciousness that makes them entirely irresistible, and both dance with a deceptive ease that covers all technical difficulties.

Kelly is responsible, besides his own particular brand of "speciality number", for the choreography of the big "American in Paris" ballet, and for the novel and charming introduction of Caron in a series of little solos each designed to exploit a different facet of the personality of the character. The "American in Paris" itself is further removed from straight ballet than are the musical comedy arrangements of such choreographers as de Mille, Holm and Robbins yet it bristles with invention and freshness of approach (I particularly enjoyed the entrances of the military band). The use of colour—the dancers move in front of monochrome backgrounds which throw one or two brilliant tones into high relief—is the most tasteful and beautiful of any excursions into this field to date, and the action of the ballet appears to grow quite naturally out of the music. As this sequence takes place within the hero's imagination there are none of the usual idiocies involved in musical films when vast panoramas of steps, lakes, woods and skies supposedly appear within the limits of a stage.

This is a film which no dance enthusiast should miss: and the stage show is one of the best yet seen at the Empire—though one is advised to see it before the film, not after: it is a good build-up, an aperitif rather than a liqueur. Alan Carter, within the limits of his surroundings, has created a neat little ballet—perhaps his most successful to date at the Empire—which is beyond neither the appreciation of his audience nor the capabilities of his dancers. The ballet at this theatre has taken longer than any of the other elements to succeed in striking the right note for its particular audience, but in this show at last it is entirely successful: among the dancers, Moira Tucker is, as usual, outstanding—a real pleasure to watch.

LESLIE CARON AND GENE KELLY IN "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"

TELEVISION SURVEY

By LISA GORDON SMITH

ON Wednesday evening, August 8, Philip Bate produced *Rambert Scrap-Book* for television.

It is understood that this programme did not find favour in all quarters; it is, perhaps, even understandable that it did not, for there was a notable absence of "tight" construction within the accepted television technique. Yet it is not an exaggeration to say that, had a normal technique been used, the programme would have lost its value.

A technique, in any medium, is necessarily evolved, by thought, trial and error, to please, inform and entertain the largest possible number of people; therefore, in a programme designed for the majority, it is essential that the technique shall, to any reasonable extent, be adhered to.

The B.B.C., however, claim to recognise that the minority should be catered for also. They have devised a Third Programme for sound radio, but until they have provided at least a second one for television, it is right that the minority should have their share of the schedule.

By its very nature, *Rambert Scrap-Book* was a programme for the minority; to be interested in it, one had to be a balletomane, to like ballet history in general and English ballet history in particular, and to admire Ballet Rambert as a company and Madame Rambert as a person. One or more of these conditions was an essential to the act of "switching-on", although it seems probable that, if one were present, the programme itself would have induced the remainder.

Balletomanes must not forget (as we sometimes tend to do) that there is an even larger section of the public who do not share our interests; but the others must not object to our right to enjoy those interests in our own way.

It would have been possible, doubtless, to have produced this programme in a more conventional manner—one which might have given more satisfaction to pundits of television; but the subject still would not have been of interest to balletophobes, and to balletomanes it would then have given nothing which could not have been obtained in any good reference library.

It was the delightful informality of this programme which endeared it to those for whom it was intended. Had Philip Bate decided upon a more conventional presentation in the hope of pleasing a majority public with a minority programme, it is likely that he would have met with the fate which often overtakes those who attempt to sit on the fence.

Few balletomanes with any length of "apprenticeship" need to be told of Madame Rambert's great contribution to British ballet, but the *Scrap-Book* showed us that we, no less than the world in general, sometimes need reminding of her multifarious activities. For those concerned with the presentation of ballet, it is almost more distinctive not to have worked for Madame Rambert than to have done so, for almost "anybody who is anybody" seems to have passed through her hands at some stage in their career and to have benefited greatly thereby.

Lionel Bradley's *Sixteen Years of Ballet Rambert* (Hinrichsen Editions) lists the company's early activities with the scholarly assurance of the born librarian, and far more exhaustively than a short television programme could attempt; but to see some of those scenes brought to life was delightful, as were the glimpses of old photographs, present-day dancers, films of the famous and ballets old and new. Particularly interesting were the succession of fragments of early- and middle-period choreography by Frederick Ashton.

Of all the aspects of this programme, the most enjoyable thing to the very public for whom it was intended was the informality of the presentation of Madame Rambert herself. To those of us who are privileged sometimes to meet her and to listen to her in "off-duty" moments, this was another, and memorable, example of such an occasion; to her many other admirers who "have always wanted to meet her", it must have seemed like the realisation of a dream. Here was Marie Rambert, a great lady of the ballet, being her most charming and informal self. Most of the time, it seemed that we were guests in her home, being shown, as guests often are, the "family album".

It is true that, on some occasions, the "join" between Madame's explanation and the bringing-to-life of her album was not quite perfect, but such discrepancies are the penalty of informality. If the use of a carefully-timed script had been evident, the programme would have lost much of its valuable spontaneity.

This was a fitting celebration of the 25th anniversary of the first appearance of Ballet Rambert in Ashton's first choreographic essay—*Scarlet Scissors* —in *Riverside Nights* at the Lyric, Hammersmith; and a fitting tribute to the work of Madame Marie Rambert.

IN PURSUIT OF THE DANCE

By ANN BARZEL

THE other day we took a ten-minute bus ride to see a ballet and it really was not worth the effort. On the other hand, last week we took a four-hour train ride to Birmingham to get a first glimpse of Ballet Rambert and it was worth all the trouble, including the five-hour ride back to London on the slow night train.

Talking of long rides to see dancing, we are really in the position to talk, having got up at five one morning last month to get in the queue for the Tel Aviv-to-Jerusalem bus, just to see a rehearsal of the Jerusalem Biblical Ballet—and, friend, if you have never ridden the Eged Bus on that hot three-hour journey you have never been jounced.

We have been chasing dance for a good many years and actually it is more fun when you go after it. This summer, though, London was most rewarding; while the enthusiasm and contrasts in Israel were most noteworthy. The new state has more passion for art than for bread. Though surrounded and many times outnumbered by a menacing enemy they are building art galleries as well as bomb shelters, and are already talking of a national ballet. They do not realise that their biggest handicap is a lack of real training for their willing dancers. But that will come and more easily than an accord among the various creative artists who have gone their different paths some two decades, each sure she is on the way to a national ballet.

One of the most intelligent is Gertrude Kraus of Tel Aviv, who is responsible for a long list of well-received productions in the land. Her training is Central European and her teaching method is similar to that of the European modern dance. However, she is receptive to innovations and this summer sponsored classes in her studio by American Negro dancer Talley Beatty and British ballet dancer Beryl Morina.

Beatty had crowded classes of young people anxious to learn the expressive movements and body control the modern American dance had discovered. They were also participating in a new choreographic work on which he was working.

There was a strange and wonderful feeling about brotherhood of man, universality of dance and lots

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet

On the occasion of their first visit to North America we have assembled on the previous page some photographs showing the dancers of this company in some of their most popular roles. We wish them all the very best of luck and success in the long tour they are undertaking. The photographs (from left to right) show: Top row: Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair in *Coppelia* (Photo: Roger Wood); Michael Hogan in *Pineapple Poll* (Photo: Paul Wilson); Stella Claire and Sheilah O'Reilly in *Pineapple Poll* (Photo: Denis de Marney); David Poole and Patricia Miller in *The Haunted Ballroom* (Photo: Baron). Bottom row: Elaine Fifield as *Pineapple Poll* (Photo: Anthony); Donald Britton (Photo: Denis de Marney); Stanley Holden in *The Prospect Before Us* (Photo: Paul Wilson); Pirmin Trecu in the *pas de trois* from *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Photo: Baron).

of other clichés that are very trite (and profoundly true) when we came into Beryl Morina's class in that far-away place and found her, sleek and lovely in tights and pointed shoes, teaching the variation of the Lilac Fairy to a group of sun-bronzed Israelis whose strong toes did not balk at the handicap of a slippery cement floor.

In Jerusalem there is Rina Nikova who has developed a unique dance style, perhaps suited only to the time and place and dancers, but highly picturesque and most worthwhile. Mme. Nikova is a very charming multi-lingual young woman who has had Russian ballet training and is not unaware of developments in the classical ballet field. She gives classes in a not too intensive form of ballet, which is correct as far as it goes. Her pupils do pointe work and simple dances in the romantic mood, but more interesting are her creations for the company she calls The Jerusalem Biblical Ballet.

Thousands of Yemenite Jews from the southern corner of the Arabian peninsula have sought refuge in Israel and Mme. Nikova has a number of Yemenite pupils. She found their delicate small-boned physiques and sad, beautiful little faces inspired a picturesque type of dance that recalled ancient ways. She has made a number of ballets based on Biblical stories and life, using a free style graceful vocabulary of movement. Rebecca, Miriam, Ruth, Jephtha's daughter bridge the centuries in these ballets.

Going back to long rides to the ballet, there was a lovely drive from Paris to Deauville with multiple stops for the grandest things to eat, and a pleasant evening of ballet by the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas at the other end.

The Grand Ballet has undergone some great changes in the personnel of the *corps*—all to the good.

We saw *Tarasiana*, a new *pas de deux* for Rosella Hightower and Serge Golovine made by John Taras to the Tchaikowsky-arranged Mozart music we know as *Mozartiana*. Taras set the dancers the hardest things to do—*pirouettes en dehors* from a position already on the *pointes* and things like that. And, of course, Rosella Hightower is the girl who can do anything any choreographer can imagine. Golovine danced very well, but we would like to see him with a shorter girl—or are we alone in noticing how tall a ballerina grows when she rises on *pointe*? The costumes for the *pas de deux* were by Jean Robier—dazzling white with the white wigs that hint at Mozart's era.

Hightower also danced *Constantia* with the soft grace we remembered in the young Rosella of a decade ago when she first stepped out of the *corps de ballet* to impress us with her lyricism in the solo waltz in *Les Sylphides*.

The De Cuevas company danced *Les Sylphides* in Deauville with the super-elegant George Zoritch making the solo Mazurka look like the dance Fokine intended it to be. Marjorie Tallchief, Harriet Toby and Jocelyn Vollmar danced the other solos with a hardness unbecoming to sylphs, and made us realise how few dancers are really graceful.

Tragedy at Verona had George Skibine appearing as fine as ever and there was a new Juliet, lovely young Andrea Karlsen, fresh from California. The latter will be a better dancer when she can overcome that mark of Nijinska-trained pupils, the *arabesque* tipped almost to a *grande seconde*. This distortion may have suited the line of one special ballet, but ballet dancing has some absolutes, based on the construction of the human body, and the standard *arabesque* has a trueness that is beautiful in itself.

Skibine has also made a new *pas de deux* based on Poe's *Annabelle Lee* and we found Hightower working on a new ballet based on an incident in Scaramouche legendry, set to a Sibelius score on that subject. Robier is designing the decor.

We were not the only ones far from home this summer. En route we came across American Jerome Andrews, now working in Nice. He has an amazing control of his body, which echoes the strong dramatic mime in which his dances abound. We liked especially his amusing characterisation titled *The Actor*.

French bureaucracy being what it is, we found the best dancers in Paris were the *Grands Sujets* in several companies. At the Opéra Comique a potential star is Josette Amiel who danced the lead in Etchevery's *Etude* (Chopin) and there was Madeline Dupont in the same choreographer's *Concerto* (yes, the Tchaikowsky piano one). Claude Bessy and Josette Clavier are the standouts at the Opera even though they are not giving leading roles. At the Châtelet Edith Allard danced so well and made so much of her bits the audience did not realise she was not the girl billed as "*étoile*". Altogether, a rewarding trip.

HUGH LAING, DIANA ADAMS AND NORA KAYE IN THE CAFE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

Photograph by Ann Barzel

APPROACHES TO CHOREOGRAPHY (Part I)

GEORGE BALANCHINE AND JEROME ROBBINS DISCUSS CREATIVE PROBLEMS IN Y.M.—Y.W.H.A. LECTURE-DEMONSTRATION SERIES; ANTONY TUDOR SPEAKS ON "BALLET TODAY".

By ARTHUR TODD

OUTSTANDING in the past season's dance events in New York City was the lecture-demonstration series on choreography that was held at the Young Women's Hebrew Association in New York City. Incidentally, this educational and performing centre, under the direction of William Kolodney, has done more than any similar organisation in the city to foster interest in and increase the understanding of dance. The entire lecture-demonstration series was planned by Walter Terry, Dance Critic of the "New York Herald Tribune", and he also participated in the interview-lecture period on each event of the series. The choreographers appearing with Mr. Terry were George Balanchine, Jerome Robbins, Ruth St. Denis, Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, Helen Tamiris and Florence Rogge. Thus both classical and contemporary choreography were analysed, as were approaches to modern and concert dance and the Broadway theatre. And, due to the perceptive questioning of Mr. Terry, this group of notable figures provided much that was provocative, stimulating and illuminating on the subject.

Each of these lecture-demonstrations was in the nature of an interview which was followed by an illustrated demonstration of parts of the work in question and the closing section was usually a question-and-answer period between the audience and the guest speaker. Mr. Terry introduced George Balanchine as "the most musical of choreographers in terms of dance composition", adding that "his works stem from tradition and he is one of the great hopes of classic dance". Speaking first about choreographic inspiration, Balanchine stated, "Always something comes first—sometimes it is music. Mozart, for instance, is with me all the time. Even the sound of music makes you think of certain kinds of steps". Other inspirations touched upon included painting, of which Balanchine remarked, "Sometimes the story is based on design. Tchelitchew can inspire by his colours and designs". Instances of the scenario were also mentioned by Balanchine who stated, "I worked first with Stravinsky on the story for *Orpheus*". Aside from such musical, graphic and literary departure points, he stressed the point:—"I do not believe in inspiration. The muse must come at one o'clock". In other words, a creative choreographer must keep working always on a fixed schedule and not wait for a specific inspiration to get him to work.

"Classic ballet", according to Balanchine's definition, "is danced on points, possesses a certain technique, also an emotional, personal, literary quality—it is pure form. Its movement belongs to a body rather than a school". He continued, "Classic ballet has improved. It has integrated into a beautiful form. Taglioni and others wanted to look like sylphs. Since then, skirts were shortened as technique improved and became more beautiful". Speaking of ballet in other nations, Balanchine contended that this art in Russia is "very pure, difficult, technical and stable". Then, next mentioning Britain, he observed, "England didn't participate in building ballet. Instead, they went back to the time of Taglioni. Many London critics thought that the New York City Ballet was acrobatic but many things that the British thought were classic were pure Petipa". As an example, he spoke of *Symphony in C*, claiming, "Rythmically I have used the same steps as Petipa's. It is the arrangement of steps that makes the difference in what they mean. *Divertimento* became American because they didn't dance that way in America before. I wouldn't be able to do the same thing in Europe. Here you are forced to show the way Americans move in their bodies—I have Americanised the steps. It's not inspiration, you find the gestures—American legs against an American style of music. The movements are not American at all—it's the way they are spoken".

When the discussion period reached the use of mime and gesture, Balanchine remarked, "I cannot express or make a gesture that is sign talk. I studied pantomime for four years and gesture was supposed to be beautifully reproduced. I always say you can not define a relation between people. I never would know how to say a character was a father of another man".

Questioned, in closing, as to what his favourite ballet was, Balanchine replied, "I like them for a certain length of time. Ballet to me is like butterflies—I like to see new ones each year. Sometimes the gestures or rhythm become more important but you

GEORGE BALANCHINE

use practically the same steps in new surroundings. The life of a ballet is not very long. A ballet lives two years and then it is nice to see something new".

Maria Tallchief, Nicholas Magellanes and other members of the New York City Ballet demonstrated, illustrating parallels between the original and the Balanchine version of *The Firebird* and brought the programme to a close with the *pas de deux* from *Divertimento.*

The subject for the Jerome Robbins' lecture-demonstration was *Age of Anxiety,* sections of which were later danced by members of the New York City Ballet, but the discussion also broadened considerably to include mention of some of Mr. Robbins' other ballets as well as his general approach to choreography. As he put it, "I feel that in ballet there has to be a spine. Everything created must have a motivation from that spine. I believe now in dance being self-sufficient unto itself. Space is the dancer's domain. I think of space as a thick form through which you move—you swing, reach, run and cut through it. The dancer's movement comes from his breath to move. I believe that what moves the dancer is the dynamic use of impelling action".

"A ballet", continued Mr. Robbins, "should say

Before the dancers appeared in excerpts from the ballet, Mr. Robbins gave his own interpretation of each of the sections of *Age of Anxiety* and these are, things that cannot be said in any other art form. It should not be a play in itself. I am interested in finding the area where dance functions completely. No step should be done without justification or motivation. The logic of the character calls for its own kind of movement. What we are using as gesture may become traditional American pantomime. I take the feeling of what I am going after, musical or dramatic, and I have to have all of the steps fit from A to Z—beginning to end. There's no such thing as an abstract dance—something *has* to happen. The abstract ballet choreographer creates a kind of society in form and movement. By observing how they move in relation to each other, you learn deeper than what you actually see—you see pattern logic".

Speaking retrospectively of his works, Mr. Robbins observed, "In the past I went after different problems for myself. Each ballet is a problem in itself. *Fancy Free* had a detailed, special scenario. It didn't allow the music to deviate for the sense of music alone—it was on a whole line. In *Interplay* I wanted to create a non-story ballet on classic techniques. In *Facsimile* I wanted to know why these people moved this way. This was the first time that I delved deeper into emotions and used ballet and gesture. What was important was the line of the characters and the situation. I believed that all theatre should be in it, a projection of the inner emotion. In *The Guests* I wanted to do a ballet with deep emotional effect and put it into a classic style —pantomime, *pas de deux,* etc. *The Guests* was originally negroes and whites in a Fourteenth Street department store setting. I abstracted it and distilled it without all of its specific details. It was in formal terms and the larger group conditioned the smaller group's patterns".

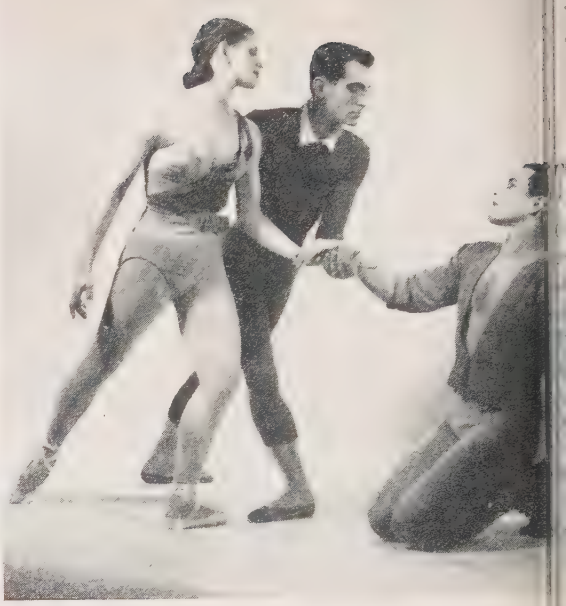
"In *The Age of Anxiety* I felt free", Mr. Robbins went on, "to try logic in the development of themes. I first heard the score and then read the poem. I read it and then forgot about it awhile. At first, I didn't know how many leading characters there should be. Sometimes I didn't agree with the music and the poem but I did believe in the score and what it said. My work is dissimilar to the score and the poem. It is a ritual in which four people exercise their illusions in their search for security. It is an attempt to see what life is about. Thematically, I used the *port de bras* for conversation. They are four strangers who know each other very well. It happens on a subconscious level—what happens is inside of them.

"The first variation starts in an embryonic stage and a reaction to the mother-father figure. The second variation is built on the consciousness of the world

outside and an awareness of people for the first time. In the third variation sex enters the picture in three variations. The fourth variation, in five-four time, begins with the awareness of the competitive world, the tensions in society. The fifth variation is the rat race, the subways, etc.—organised society at its most mechanistic. At first, I thought that this should be a mechanical folk dance. In the sixth variation two figures are resigned and two are protesting. The problem was how real or how stylised the movement should be. And the seventh and final variation had to carry the emotional punch of the music".

One other lecture held elsewhere in New York was of such importance that a report of it rightfully belongs in these instalments on approaches to choreography. This was Antony Tudor's talk on *Ballet Today* which was given on the New York Dance Film series at the Henry Street Playhouse. Commencing his talk by raising the question—"Why the craze for modernity?" he then supplied the answer by stating, "It seeps through every channel of our being. It is almost an instilled atmosphere. No one seems to know where he is—complexes, reflexes, deviations — there are so many temptations to do whatever will be considered modern. The active mind anywhere in any field is always a little ahead. So the modern choreographer has to keep ahead in the hope that though he may not catch on today, he will eventually. We ballet choreographers have to examine into ourselves and our material much more thoroughly than we do. I don't think we examine our movements nearly enough. We seem to feel that the ballet has been examined enough for centuries so we have little desire to look into it further".

Mr. Tudor complained of the fact that ballet, even contemporary ballet, could not stand by itself in the manner that literature and music do, and gave as illustrations of his theory *Illuminations, The Prodigal Son* and *Orpheus*. He pointed out that *Illuminations* was based on Rimbaud's poetry, *The Prodigal Son* on the story from the Bible and *Orpheus* on the music of Stravinsky. "Dance", he continued, "should develop from dance itself, a more conscious knowledge of the use of dance. Why can't we in dance enlarge our vocabulary, and I am speaking in terms of classical ballet?" He then went on to say, "Don't ask me how to do it. I haven't the faintest idea, and if I started to use the theory it would probably be a terrific flop. I only know that if we don't grow constantly we die automatically. While we stick to the familiar we are retrogressing and not going ahead the way we should".



Photograph by Walter E. Owen

MELISSA HAYDEN, HUGH LAING AND FRANCISCO MONCION IN JEROME ROBBINS' BALLET "AGE OF ANXIETY"

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas

By the time these words appear in print, the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas will have opened a season at the Cambridge Theatre, which will be reviewed in our November issue.

The leading dancers will include Rosella Hightower—who reports lead us to believe to be dancing better than ever—Marjorie Tallchief, Harriet Toby, a dancer new to London, George Zoritch who has not appeared in Europe since before the war, George Skibine and Serge Golovine.

Ballets to be presented during the season will include Balanchine's *Night Shadow, Concerto Barocco* and *Pas de Trois*: three new ballets by John Taras —*Bal des Jeunes Filles, Divertissement* (to music from Tchaikowsky's *Sleeping Beauty*) and *Tarasiana* with Mozart music: and two ballets by George Skibine—*A Tragedy of Verona,* his first attempt at choreography, which has been seen in this country during the 1950 Festival at Edinburgh but not yet in London, and *Annabelle Lee,* a new ballet based on the poem by Edgar Allan Poe.

The season, which opens on October 8th, is expected to continue for three weeks.

LES BALLETS DES CHAMPS ELYSEES—AN ESTIMATE OF THE SEASON

By MARY CLARKE

THE wave of depression engendered by the opening night of the Champs Elysées season at the Cambridge lifted a little as the season progressed but even so the actual achievements were not really satisfactory. Without guest artists Jacqueline Moreau and Wladimir Skouratoff there would have been very little of value in the way of individual performances and if the company is to continue it seems essential to add artists with the sensibility and artistry of these two to the permanent troupe. On the whole the company was well rehearsed by Algaroff and in its repertoire there are some very beautiful ballets, but, as we so often find with our own companies, more is needed than the taking of pains to capture the quality of an atmospheric ballet.

In a work like *La Recontre*, for instance, we have beautiful décor and costumes, good theatre music and a quite interesting story. The actual movement is in itself not very remarkable but when interpreted by a great artist it can mean something and arouse emotion in the spectator. Without this personal contribution from the dancers, there is very little left. The same is true of most of the ballets in this repertoire, since they were all worked out on dancers of exceptional theatrical magnetism. For example, when I saw René Bon dance the Joker in *Jeu de Cartes* this season I was aware for the first time how weak the choreography is for most of the ensembles in this ballet. Bon was very good indeed as the Joker; he danced brilliantly and pointed the character vividly and intelligently. It was not his fault but Charrat's that the rest of the ballet was on a quite different level from his role. All the same, when Babilée used to dance the Joker he brought to it an additional quality of sheer theatre sorcery or hypnotism so that one simply did not notice the shortcomings of the ballet as a whole. It was the quality that the Lunts have, and Danny Kaye; and goodness knows it is rare enough.

Nevertheless, we did have glimpses of such personality during the season. When Skouratoff danced in *Les Forains* his sense of comedy and tricks of showmanship whipped the ballet into life and both Moreau and Trailine supported him ably. In *Le Rendezvous* also he was able to hold attention, even though nearly all the other characters were weak shadows of the originals. Indeed this season will probably go on record as being the one which first showed London the true quality of Wladimir Skouratoff.

In some ways I found the performances of Lichine's *La Création* the most satisfying. It is not really a ballet at all, but a brilliant idea carried out in rather superficial fashion. I personally prefer to watch dancers moving simply in classroom *enchaînements,* and wearing practise clothes which show the good lines of their bodies, than to see them cavort in restless, meaningless movement tricked out in absurd costumes. I feel that in *La Création* Lichine was almost as much in the dark himself as the symbolic Choreographer he creates but at least he was groping towards something interesting and not relying on an old formula.

It is difficult to write about Alexandre Kalioujny, billed as the star of the company, and Sonia Arova since neither of them was in perfect health during the season. They were seen mainly in detached *pas de deux* which gave little opportunity to judge abili-

(*Continued on page* 23)

YOULY ALGAROFF REHEARSING WLADIMIR SKOURATOFF FOR "LA RECONTRE"

Photograph by Paul Wilson

The Ny Norsk Ballet

ALTHOUGH the Norwegian Ballet, which was founded by Gerd Kjolaas and Louise Browne in 1948, has already made two visits to Great Britain, the week's season at the Embassy Theatre which opened on September 3 is the first occasion the company has played in or near central London. Considered as a national ballet it is of modest proportions, its total complement being only fourteen dancers. The company's repertory consists chiefly of ballets by either Gerd Kjolaas, the director, or Ivo Cramer, the Swedish choreographer who is guest artist with the company during the present English tour. The opening programme consisted of two ballets by each of them.

The two Kjolaas ballets are simple to the point of naivety. Realising no doubt that the classical technique of her dancers was extremely limited, she has chosen to compose her ballets in a vocabulary that borrows extensively from folk-dance. After the first freshness of this rusticity has worn off, one notices the poverty of dance invention and the choreography becomes tedious. Furthermore Miss Kjolaas saddles herself with scenarios of such complexity that experienced dramatic choreographers of the stature of Tudor or Robbins might well balk at the task of translating them into balletic terms. This formidable literary element mattered less in her comedy ballet *Tyrihans—The Boy who made the Princess laugh,* than in the involved tragedy *Mot Ballade.* This last, adapted from a novel by Hans E. Kinck, would have been incomprehensible had not what appeared to be a Readers' Digest version of the novel been given in the programme.

Cramer's contribution to the programme was more interesting. Like Kjolaas he had both a comic and a tragic work on view; the comedy, *Truffaldino—or Entangled Loves,* lived up to its name by being one of the most entangled ballets I can recall. Set to Scarlatti's music and with a charmingly stylised decor by an unnamed designer, it was one of those ballets in which everyone is in love with everyone else and the devil takes the hindmost. Although I was unable to follow the amorous intrigues with any confidence, the ballet seemed mildly bright and pleasant. However his second ballet, *The Message* revealed Cramer as a choreographer of some importance. This, based on the life of Christ, showed considerable musical sensitivity, a gift for controlling massed movement, and its choreographer's ability to give significance to simple gestures. His groupings were also skilfully arranged, but he lacks the power to give flow and inevitability to his dances; too frequently his scenes are little more than beautiful but static tableaux. Nevertheless this is a work of interest and importance, all the more welcome because it comes in a year of ballet that, on the whole, has been unhappily lacking in artistic enterprise. In *The Message,* as in the rest of the programme, the dancers of the company displayed the great talent they have for mime.

ANDREW BROWNING.

News from New York

The New York City Ballet Company opened at the City Center on Tuesday, September 4th, for its eighth season. New works to be performed were *The Miraculous Mandarin, Apollo and the Muses* and *Concerto Barocco. The Miraculous Mandarin* is set to music by Bela Bartok, with choreography by Todd Bolender, and the leading roles will be danced by Hugh Laing, Melissa Hayden, Frank Hobi and Roy Tobias and it is possible that the choreographer may alternate with Mr. Laing in the leading role at subsequent performances.

Apollo and *Concerto Barocco* are both new ballets for this company, though already well-known through their performances elsewhere. André Eglevsky will dance Apollo with Tallchief, Adams and Leclercq as his Muses, and the two last-named dancers will take the leading roles in *Concerto Barocco.* The season is expected to run three weeks. Incidentally, on the advance publicity for the company *Concerto Barocco* is advertised for performance "without scenery or costumes". We find it hard to believe that M. Balanchine is setting up as a rival to the *Folies Bergères.*

Ballet Theatre is scheduled to open at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday, September 20th, for a season of just under three weeks before leaving for a tour covering seventy cities in America and Canada. New works for the season include a ballet by Nijinska, as yet untitled, and *Mancenilha,* by Madeleine Rosay of Rio de Janeiro, with music by H. Villa-Lobos.

Bluebeard, Fokine's last ballet, is being revived with John Kriza in the name part, and Jean Babilée is producing his *Tyl Eulenspiegel* on September 25th, in which he will dance the leading role. *Princess Aurora* is also being re-staged by Nijinska. *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* will also be given with Alonso as Agathe.

Casts for the season include Youskevitch, Kriza, Moylan, Babilée, Philippart and Erik Bruhn, who will be remembered in England for his work with the Metropolitan Ballet.

Yugoslav Ballet in Edinburgh

By JOAN FRANKLIN WHITE

THE Yugoslav Ballet Company is, I feel, much stronger in male dancers than in female: the men certainly have most of the interesting work to do and play a much larger part proportionately in the ballets presented, although the repertoire offered one or two very good solos to the girls.

Classical work is, at the moment, the company's Achilles heel. The pointe shoes seemed more heavily blocked than is the case in this country; many of the girls were poorly turned out and one wondered also how they danced as well as they did while making little effort to pull up the knees. Most of the male classical solos lacked excitement: the dancing seemed never to parallel exciting climaxes in the musical score.

I felt the character work to be a far more satisfactory side of the company's activities, and I gained the impression that the dancers themselves preferred to dance in this style. The ensembles here gave a wonderful impression of gaiety and laughter—this was particularly noticeable in the finales of both *The Legend of Ochrid* and *Gingerbread Heart.*

I found *The Legend of Ochrid* (choreography, Margarita Froman) the most interesting of the three ballets presented by this company in Edinburgh. This story tells of a young peasant girl's capture by the Turks on the eve of her marriage to a man she does not love and of her release by the man she loves, who obtains a magic flower, ring and sword from the Pearl of the Lake of Ochrid: the magic sword enables him to kill the abductors and the flower turns the girl into a dove, enabling her to fly away in safety. Eventually she returns to her village and is married to her young lover. This ballet is treated in character style, except for the second scene where the young man enlists the aid of the Pearl where classical work was used in ballet with disastrous musical-comedy-ballet effect. The dances of the Rumanian Girl, Bulgarian Girl and Greek Boy and Girl before their captors were effective—although the Turkish soldiers were not able to create a sufficiently terrifying effect with their material. The last act of the ballet, in which everything ends happily with a marriage, is full of gaiety and vigour, working up to an almost Massine-like finale.

I found *The Ballad of a Mediaeval Love* (choreography, Pia and Pino Mlakar), the least interesting of the repertoire: it was too long and I felt its compression into a single act, with the removal of some of the "padding", would have improved it greatly. However, there was one very interesting male solo in the last scene, where the young Prince, mortally wounded, dances to a solitary drum beat. This scene was immensely effective.

Gingerbread Heart (Dimitriye Parlitch) was a lighthearted affair, telling a love story in a fairground setting which gave opportunities for many gay national dances in which the dancers thoroughly enjoyed themselves. In this ballet, as in *The Legend of Ochrid,* the use of the circle in the choreography of character dancing was predominant.

The choreography included no classical mime and little descriptive movements, and I wondered how much one could have understood of the ballets presented if there had been no programme notes: for instance, when the young lover is given the Sword of Strength and the magic flower and ring by the Pearl in *The Legend of Ochrid* no attempt is made to explain the symbolism in the movement, and though we read that he had been given the gift of strength this was in no way indicated in the dance. The same was true of the episode when the young girl changes into a dove: there was no dramatic action to indicate to the audience that she had taken wings and flown away.

The company as a whole seemed to work well together and there was no evidence of any "star" system: another advantage in their work is the inclusion in the company of mature artists who played the older characters. The sets on the whole were effective, although perhaps inclined to over-ornateness.

Bouquet of the Month

This month's bouquet is hereby handed to Sheilah O'Reilly for her Aunt Dimple in *Pineapple Poll,* a delicious little cameo which reveals yet another facet of this versatile young dancer's personality.

London Theatre Ballet Company

Felicity Gray's new ballet company opened its tour very successfully at Eastbourne with a repertoire including *Le Marche*, by Pirmin Trecu, a new ballet *Hoops*, by Walter Gore to music by Poulenc, and two ballets by John Hall, *The Necklace* with music specially written by Joseph Horowitz, and *Trio* 1851 to music from *Esmeralda* (Pugni). Hugh Stevenson has designed new costumes for Tudor's *Soirée Musicale*, also in the repertoire.

Latin American and Negro Dancing

Two forms of dancing that are little known in the London theatre will be presented in October and November by Mr. Jack Hylton. He is bringing the Latin American Ballet, which has been such a success in Paris this summer, to the Adelphi Theatre for a season from October 17th until November 10th. The star of the company is Perez-Fernandez.

Mr. Hylton is also presenting in November the American coloured dancer Pearl Primus. Pearl Primus has received great praise from the New York dance critics and has recently returned from a year's study of dance and culture in the interior of Africa, made possible by a grant from the Rosenwald Foundation. In the November issue of *Ballet Today* we shall print an article by Arthur Todd introducing Pearl Primus to English audiences.

Ballet Rambert

The Ballet Rambert will be in Ireland in early October, appearing in Belfast the week of October 1st and Cork the week of October 8th.

On October 15th they come to the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, for two weeks during which London will have an opportunity of seeing the new Festival productions. The subsequent dates are:

October 29th: Gaumont Cinema, Chester.
November 5th: New Theatre, Hull.

International Ballet

Here are the dates for International Ballet's tour during the next few weeks:

October 1st: Theatre Royal, Bolton.
October 8th: No performances.
October 15th: King's Theatre, Southsea.
Oct. 22nd/29th: Pavilion, Bournemouth.
November 5th: Theatre Royal, Birmingham.
November 12th: Hippodrome, Bristol.

Universal Ballet (London) Ltd. Original Ballet Russe

As announced in our previous issue the Original Ballet Russe will make its first appearance since its reorganisation at Wimbledon during the week of October 1st. The repertoire for that week will consist of: *Aurora's Wedding, Paganini, Graduation Ball, Carnaval, Coq d'Or,* and *Prince Igor.* The dates of the proposed tour are as follows:

October 8th: Hippodrome, Coventry.
October 15th: Grand Theatre, Leeds.
October 22nd: Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield.
October 29th: Opera House, Manchester.
November 5th: New Theatre, Oxford.

Ballet Workshop

Ballet Workshop re-opens on Sunday, October 14th, with a programme consisting of Celia Franca's *Colloque Sentimentale; Le Famille d'Harliquin* (Choreography, Robert Stevenson: Music, Khachaturian: Decor, Ian Gordon); and *Design for Ballet* (Choreography and Costumes, John Hall). Artists appearing will include Annette Chappell, June Leighton, John Hall and Robert Harrold.

The programme will be repeated on Sundays 21st and 28th October. Performances as before commence at 8 p.m.

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Ballet Vocabulary (7)

Compiled by LEO KERSLEY & JANET SINCLAIR

FOUETTÉ

1. One leg is extended, and the raised foot whipped in from the knee to the supporting leg. 2. One leg is extended in front of the dancer: he turns sharply to face the opposite if he begins with the leg behind, he then turns to face it.

1. *Petit fouetté* can be done with the supporting leg straight or bent, or after a preparatory jump. To execute a *petit fouetté* SAUTÉ the dancer springs up raising the right leg to the side: as she lands the right foot is whipped across the left leg, and it is this movement, not the jump, which is accented.

Shortly before the end of the *pas de trois* in *Les Rendezvous* the three dancers perform two *petits fouettés sauté* on alternate feet.

Fouetté ROND DE JAMBE EN TOURANT is the most well known of the *fouetté* steps and is therefore dealt with here instead of under *rond de jambe.* It consists of a *demi grand rond de jambe en l'air* from the front to the side, and a *petit fouetté* as the dancer turns. The dancer stands with the right leg raised in front: she throws the right leg round to the side, rising on to the left toe, and whips the right foot in (*fouetté*) to the left knee as she begins to turn. At the completion of one or more turns, if she wishes to turn again in the same manner the dancer quickly extends the right foot to the audience and lowers the left heel, slightly bending the left knee.

On her entrance in the coda of the *Black Swan pas de deux,* the ballerina performs a series of thirty-two *fouettés ronds de jambe en tournant*

Odette at the end of the *pas de deux* in Act 2 of *Swan Lake* performs a series, interspersed with *petits battements serrés,* while supported by Siegfried's finger. (N.B.—In the latter example, as Odette is on tiptoe she does not bend the supporting leg between *fouettés.*)

2. *Grand fouetté* can be done by turning the supporting heel on the ground (in which case it may be called DETOURNÉ, ROTATION or DEGAGÉ), or rising on to the toe, or during a jump.

In the opening scene of *Mam'zelle Angot,* shortly after the entrance of the Aristocrat, Mam'zelle Angot minces round her in an exaggerated caricature of her affected manner, and then to finish extends her left leg to the ground in front and performs a *fouetté,* sharply turning the body away and kicking her foot up in the Aristocrat's face.

The coda of the *Swan Lake pas de trois* opens with one of the female dancers performing seven *grands fouettés* beating the legs before turning (*fouetté* BATTU or CABRIOLE *fouetté*), on alternate legs.

Grands fouettés can also be performed on one leg. The dancer stands on the right leg and throws the left high in front while rising on the right toe. With the impetus thus gained she then makes a half turn with the left leg raised in front of her before performing the *fouetté* movement. This movement can be performed SAUTÉ. When performed in a series it is usual for the dancer to rise on to the toe to steady herself immediately after the *fouetté* movement.

The Lilac Fairy concludes her solo in the Prologue of *The Sleeping Beauty* with a series of three *grands fouettés* turning on the left leg, followed by a turn EN DEDANS: this whole sequence is performed twice before the final bar of her solo.

JETÉ FOUETTÉ

Begins as does an ordinary *grand jeté en avant,* but ends with the dancer facing the direction from which he began (*fouetté* DERRIERE). Throwing the right leg in front, the dancer springs forward off the left, and at the height of the jump turns his body sharply to the left, to face in the opposite direction, landing with the left leg raised in front of him.

In the second movement of *Interplay,* immediately after the leading male dancer has been joined by two girls for the second time, he leaves the second girl (pretending to be shocked at her repetition of his "hula" movement) to jump straight into a *jêté fouetté,* which is repeated during the course of a big sweep round the stage.

(*to be continued*)

LES BALLETS DES CHAMPS ELYSEES

Continued from page 19

ties other than sheer technical execution and bravura presentation. Arova has acquired too many tricks and I do not like the way in which Kalioujny carries himself, uses his arms and hands, or takes his curtains. He has some amazing moments but they are isolated and bear little relation to what goes between.

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